

REVELRY AND MISERY.

(Continued from page 1.)

eleven more nice big guns to kill folks with, just the size of the one on exhibition to-day. They will be placed on the battleships Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts and Oregon. You people out west may get to see wood cuts of these battleships on the patent inside of some of your newspapers. That will be your share in the national glory of our navy. But, as I started to say, these big guns we are making are a great comfort to society. Whenever the "unworthy poor" circles and seethes into a mob, one of these big guns can mow down acres at a shot.

Our glorious spring weather has brought society out on wheels, and such wheels, yellow, red, all colors of the rainbow. What a dashing, dizzy spectacle you westerners may see of a Thursday afternoon if you will come here and go to the "White Lot" down by the monument. The elegance is stunningly English; tandem teams, short-tailed horses, superb carriages and brilliant attire. If Brother Coxey, of Massillon, wants to spin along on a government-built road let him come and use this drive-way down by the monument. But what a preposterous notion that Coxey notion is, that congress will do anything directly or indirectly toward getting good roads for the farmers. Good roads are for society to roll broughams and phaetons over. Hayseeds can cart wheat over mud roads and take along a rail to pry their lumber wagons out of chuck holes.

Society is looking forward to a new pleasure, providing congress will appropriate the few thousands asked for in a bill now before that body to improve the Potomac flats and turn it into a beach with bathing conveniences. If this program is carried out, Potomac beach will be merry with society in bath gowns. One day last summer a batch of boys were arrested down at this point on the Potomac which society proposes to preempt. The youngsters were not sufficiently protected with wearing apparel and the police swooped down upon them and marched them to the police court. The judge inquired of one little black fellow why he had violated the law. "Oh, judge," said the little fellow, "I was jee' that hot I sized when I teched the water." Alas! poor little, hot hoodlums, you will have to give up your swimming place; society wants it.

Will you people out west comprehend what I mean when I allude to our "Chevy Chase" and our "Pink Coats"? I would love to tell you ever so much about them had I a right to the space. They are the very loveliest features of our highest bred society. "Chevy Chase" is a hunting club, and it has fine grounds and a lovely club house. The "Pink Coats" is the uniform of the club. This winter the "Pink Coats" gave the most gorgeous balls and other entertainments. When the Chevy Chase club goes out for a hunt the spectacle is at once impressive and superb. For some time this Anglo-American set chased pell-mell over hill and dale in the trail of an anisee bag; which the hounds followed in fine pretense of scenting live game. But even the dogs became ashamed of being only half way English, don't you know, and like their aspiring masters they rejoiced with exceeding friariness when there arrived, one glad day this winter, a real Irish stag. The noble animal is quartered at the Chevy Chase stables. It is a sight for lords and men to watch this magnificent animal throw up its head and plunge off at splendid speed, chased by the pack of hounds and followed by

the "Pink Coat" riders. It is always so managed that the stag outruns the dogs and reaches stable cover. It would not do to really allow the hounds to come up with the stag for we are short of this sort of game in America and the Chevy "Pink Coats" must exercise this same fellow over and over until such time as more of the same noble game can be imported or bred on the fine hunting grounds of our Vanderbilts and other American lords who are absorbing grounds for deer preserves in various states of this union.

I must not forget to mention that the "American farmer" occupies a high place in society at Washington this winter; that is in the person of his representative, J. Sterling Morton. The entertainments of the Morton family have been among the most elegant and artistic of any of the dinners of this season. Oh, no, one need not be at all abashed or awkward being a farmer, not any more. J. Sterling has quite proven the high possibility of the farmer in society. I learn that Farmer Morton has adopted a family crest—that's English, you know. His motto is, "Plant trees." I have not learned if he will also adopt the Russian thistle on his coat of arms. Whatever that eminent farmer may finally settle on as a crest will be, I trust, wood cutted in the patent inside; after which I fear we shall win no more democratic farmers to the People's party. For why should a democrat want more than J. Sterling with a crest, a motto, a coat of arms—all English, you know.

One of the loveliest days of all this lovely winter I went with Mrs. Jerry Simpson and Mrs. John Davis to see Mrs. Cleveland. We went by invitation. Let me here say, I long ago resolved never to play the subject to a sovereign and fall into that line of humiliation which crowds to public receptions. I went resolved to see the best side of everything. It was my first outing from a severe illness and I said to Mrs. Davis, "today I am determined to forget that there is sorrow, or want, or sin, or misery in the world." The sunshine was so bright, the city so beautiful, the parks even in their winter undress were glorious. So I let myself thrill with life's joy and the delight of returning strength. The dear old White House was not crowded and we roamed about at pleasure, through the conservatory, the "Blue," "Red" and "Green" parlors. There were flowers everywhere; potted plants filled the corners, out flowers were banked on the mantles. The Marine band played; the luncheon was delicious, the perfume from the flowers filled the air. What a pretty sight it was when Mrs. Cleveland and the dozen or more ladies of the receiving party tripped gaily into the great east parlor and ranged themselves in a semicircle to greet the guests. Would you, my dear reader, have found it hard to remember the miserable ones in such a scene as that? No I believe you would have done just as I did, spite of my resolve to forget. You would have seen, as I did, back of those smiling, joyous receiving ladies, in their elegant gowns, you would have seen the bent forms and hollow cheeks of rows upon rows of sister women, hard working, poverty-stricken women. Women not envying all this ease and luxury, not wishing to take away one little item that these fortune-favored women possess, but longing with all of woman's sweet natural love of beauty for a little, ever so little, share or taste of the brightness of life—longing, yet knowing that never, never until their thin weary hands were crossed for the last time and the coffin lid closed over their sad faces, would

they have relief from toil, and knowing that none of the luxuries which their long years of faithful work should have earned could ever be theirs.

At the luncheon table I could not push away the sight of the hungry multitudes of little children whose tiny hands would have eagerly reached for the good things. Despite the sweet strains of the music, I heard the discord and the awful chorus of hoarse cursings from hopeless, despairing men. Ah! if one could forget; but the soul that is once pierced by the wails of the perishing ones can never forget, but must keep on working, and hoping, and praying that the kingdom of heaven, of beauty, of plenty, of flowers, of music such as was in the White House that day may come for a time for every mother's son and daughter on this bountiful blessed earth.

ANNIE L. DIGGS.

THE OMAHA ORDINANCE.

Statesmen Wasting Their Advice on the Desert Air.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—I understand that some members of the Shawnee county People's party committee have gone into the manifesto business, and are going to issue an address telling the state central committee and the Populists of Kansas what they ought to do to be saved. Their advice, I am informed, is that the state committee embody in the call for a state convention what they call the Omaha ordinance, and that the local committee follow suit.

It will be strange if the Shawnee county people do not address themselves to the national committee and to the Populists of the United States. It would have had just as much effect, and it would be just as appropriate as it was for the Omaha convention to dictate rules by which the people of Kansas or of any other state should abide, in their political work.

This Omaha ordinance was doubtless conceived in a patriotic spirit, but in some respects it is a very foolish thing. The framers of it wanted to guard against the evil of persons in office being allowed to have any voice or influence in the convention which names candidates for their successors in office. No state officer, or appointee of a state officer, or any person holding a position subordinate to the state officer or his appointee, should take part in a state convention, or a primary caucus or convention which leads to the selection of delegates to the state convention. The same rule should be held good with regard to the make-up of county and other conventions. That is all there should be to this dictation.

Now, the negative side. No state committee has a right to bar any other class of persons, even though they hold "office or position of profit, trust, or emolument" separate and apart from the state administration, from taking part in state conventions, or the conventions which select delegates to such conventions. For example, members of the legislature, county, township, and municipal officers, as well as federal officers if there were any who were Populists, are just as eligible to take part in the naming of a state ticket for their party as any other citizen can be. This is common sense and it is justice, and there is not one Populist out of twenty that will take exception to the proposition.

The trouble with some of our Shawnee county committeemen is that they are inclined to waste their energy on the universe when they might use it with good effect at home. What this county needs is more educational work and less wrangling and fault finding.

POPULIST VOTER.

Pointers for Speakers.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—If you will allow me to intrude on your time I will present a few political points which I think to some extent have been neglected. I suppose you get many different kinds of cranky and foolish letters, so I will not bother you with much preface.

In the first place, I think the lecturers and speakers on reform politics lack simplicity and are not to the point. I speak for the common laboring man. One speaker in a mild way condemns the great achievements in the way of improved and labor-saving machinery. Now, I don't believe that wins any votes. We can't remedy that, and for my part I am proud of the scientific advancement; and there is plenty of work in the United States to-day to give every man eight hours' work per day, with all the improved machinery, if there was money enough in circulation to carry the work on.

Another speaker, in addressing a city audience, dwells too much on the hard lot of the poor farmer. Now, I failed at farming; the main cause was big interest, and I can appreciate that part of the lecture. But that does not win votes in the city. The average laborer thinks the farmer is all right, and that anything that is to his interest and causes him to get better prices for his products will cause the laborer, in a direct or indirect way, to pay more for his living. Simplicity is what we need. For instance, and to give you an idea, I have been agitating my favorite, the sub-treasury plan, and have been accused by my fellow-workmen in this way.

What good would it do you if the government did loan money on real estate at 3 per cent.? You have no land; you could get none of it, etc. They must be shown in a plain way that the first thing to be considered in every branch of business is the interest on investment; that they pay interest on the property they rent, on the clothes they wear, from the time the raw material leaves the producer until the time they buy it to wear; the same on bread and meat, from the time it leaves the producer until it is retailed to them; then maybe they could realize that the difference of 3 per cent. and 10 per cent. would be some in their favor.

Then think of the industries and improvements on the eve of construction, people only holding back on account of the scarcity of money and high rate of interest. This would be the best country on earth if that one plank of the People's platform was a law; everybody would have plenty of work and plenty of money. I claim that every man who has reached the age of 35 years, and has made an attempt, ought to be living under his own roof. Alas! how many do?

According to the statistics of 1890 mortgaged-cursed Kansas pays over \$21,000,000 interest per annum, most of which goes to Europe, or the east. Now, if she paid at the rate of 3 per cent., instead of, say, 9 per cent., on an average, she would pay \$7,000,000, and that amount, through the sub-treasury plan, would be utilized to the benefit of the people, so that virtually she would not feel her interest at all. Is that right?

In my opinion, our leaders should use our great banking system for a target, explain it thoroughly, and show who is to blame for it. The past twelve months is good evidence. Where can a man put an extra dollar, if he has one? At home he may be robbed; in a bank he is sure to be robbed. The banker who robs his depositors of thousands, if convicted at all, gets about two years. The poor man who steals something to feed his family, or does some act of violence under a severe mental strain, gets fifteen or twenty years.

J. H. KISSICK.

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